

to the succession, in case of the death of Elizabeth without issue. She forgot that, even if Elizabeth had been willing to risk such a concession, the English Parliament would not for a moment have entertained the prospect of a Catholic successor. Henceforth in fact, despite the occasional exchange of epistolary courtesies, the two queens were irreconcilable enemies, and the ill-will, hostility, and jealousy of Elizabeth did not tend to make for Mary the task of ruling Scotland easier.

She was six years old when she left Scotland; she was nineteen when she returned to it. She had been carefully educated in France, but the French court was no school of morality, and the hypocrisy, bigotry, corruption, and license rampant under the auspices of Diana of Poitiers, Henry the Second's mistress, were certainly not fitted to make a saint of Mary Stuart. She was the darling of Diana, and it is difficult to imagine Diana in the *role* of the professor of exalted principles of government or morals. Her accomplishments were many, however, and in grace, beauty, sprightliness, she must have been in sober verity one of the most fascinating of queens. According to the English ambassador, Throckmorton, she was wise for her years, and amenable to counsel. Insight, subtlety, vigour, pertinacity, courage, elasticity she had. If in addition to these qualities she had been possessed of a fair share of self-control, she would have been a less tragic, but a far greater figure in history. Unfortunately, too, she was more French than Scottish in sympathy and character, and, in view of the events of recent years, this was not a qualification in the occupant of the Scottish throne. She came to a people accustomed to take and give blows in support of their interests or their opinions. Fierce and turbulent were these Scottish barons by nature, though not without some culture at this period, and the leaven of religious passion did not make the ruling of them, or the people beneath them, easier. To one trained at a court where absolutist notions and egregious sycophancy hallowed the name of king, the independent spirit of barons and people must have given a rude shock.

Scotland, nevertheless, gave her a kindly welcome, and she gracefully and gaily suited herself to the occasion. Her